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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

No. 5 AUGUST, 1898 Vol. 1

PHOTO BY EDDOWES BROS.

Marguerite Sylva

PHOTO BY SARONY

Irene Vera

TWO ROOF GARDEN DIVINITIES OF THE MONTH

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AFTER GOLF

or any other exercise, PEARS' SOAP is refreshing; it softens the skin, and produces a bright, clear complexion.

Established over 100 years—20 International awards—Be *SURE* you get the genuine.

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From her latest picture taken in Germany.

OLGA BARRISON POSING AS A SWEET SUMMER ZEPHYR. THERE IS A JOINT SUSPICION IN THE MIND OF MANY THAT SHE ISN'T ANYTHING OF THE SORT.

Miss Barrison is decidedly summery in temperament, but zephyrs are hardly in her line.

DOUBT ABOUT IT.

Gargoyle (back in town after a year's absence)—When I went away Young and Gibbs were rival suitors for Miss Twitter's hand. Which proved to be the lucky man?

Glanders—Can't tell that yet. She married Gibbs only a month ago. Ask me again in about a year.

IN TIME.

Jack—She is a widow, I believe?

Fred—Yes; but she will outgrow that.

ENOUGH.

Mother—What was going on in the parlor last night, Madge?

Madge (shyly)—Only the engagement-ring, mamma.

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Stout Lady—Henry, I hope you won't flirt with either of those young misses when in the water.

Henry—Have no fear, Maria. They don't approach anywhere near *my* idea of a figure!

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ANNA BELMONT KATHRYN OSTERMAN.

TWO YOUNG AND PRETTY AMERICAN GIRLS WHO HAVE BEEN TELLING THE PUBLIC WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES.

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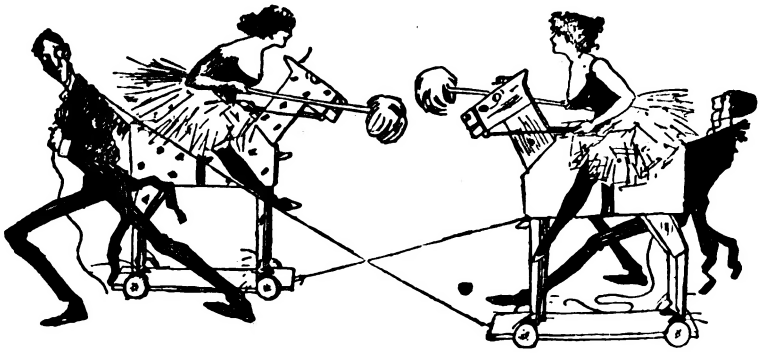
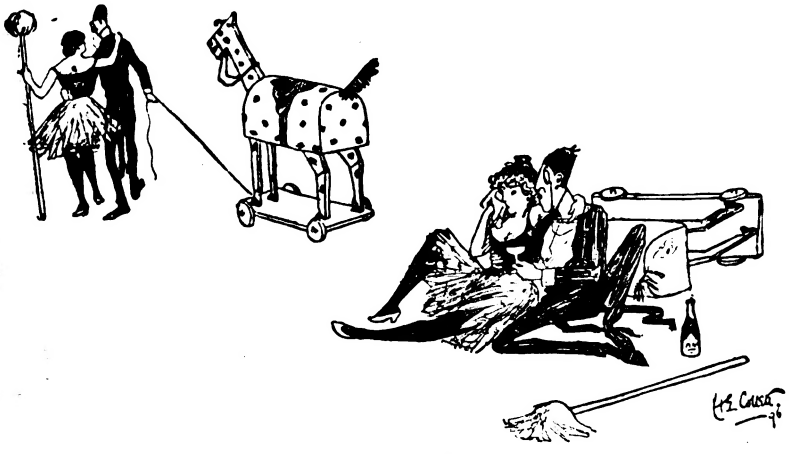
1.—"Now, girls, the victor gets a diamond ring, remember!"



2.—"Ready—fire!!"



3.—The Conquerors and the Conquered.

THE DUDES, THE CHORUS GIRLS, AND THE GREAT TOURNAMENT BEHIND THE SCENES.—(*A BROADWAY PHANTASY.*)

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TO OBLIGE.

Bill Collector (to bright child who answers the door)—Is your father in?

Bright Child—No, sir; but he left a message for you.

Bill Collector—Well, what is it?"

Bright Child—Oh, he said—er—er—he said—er—I forget; but if you'll wait a moment I'll go upstairs and ask him.

IN THE RESTAURANT.

Stranger—Waiter, let me have a poached egg.

Stranger at Next Table—One for me, too, please. But see that it isn't a bad one."

Waiter (in the kitchen)—Two poached eggs, and one must not be a bad one.

SOAP.

"Why is a great, strong man like you going about begging?" asked a lady of a tramp, who begged for a penny.

"Ah, madam," replied the tramp, "mine is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction.

Photograph by Eddowes Bros., New York City.

MARGUERITE SYLVA IN A PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY THINKING OF MANHATTAN BEACH.

BUSINESS.

Customer (to printer)—You promised to have my work done yesterday, and haven't touched it yet.

Printer—My dear sir, we've been so busy in this office that you ought to be very thankful that we took the time to make you a promise.

NECESSARY.

Mrs. Mulligan—An' w'at did his Honor say to you this morning?

Mrs. Mulcahy—Can't you and your husband live together without fighting?

Mrs. Mulligan—An' w'at did yer say?"

Mrs. Mulcahy—No, yer Honor, not happily.

BEAUTIFUL.

A country editor, waxing eloquent in the description of a new organ, says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes."

AGREED UPON.

Teacher—Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, 'You can't learn me nothing'?

Patsy—Yes'm.

Teacher—Why.

Patsy—'Cause you can't.

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TIME'S CHANGES.

"My friend," he said to one of the convicts, with a patronizing air, "never despair. Don't lose heart. No one knows what the future may have in store for you. I was once a poor, miserable thief like yourself. Now," he added, as he lighted another perfecto and threw away the match, "I am a kleptomanic."

She. — I suppose you have heard that old joke about seeing a board walk, haven't you, "Mr. Dulle?"

He (not bright, but gallant). —Impossible to have a board walk when with you, Miss Shapeleigh!

"They told me the water would overwhelm me, but from the way they're gazing on the beach they're the ones who seem to be overwhelmed.

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Photo by Ogerau, Paris.

LOUISE SARASIER WHO CAN WIELD A FAN IN A MANNER CALLING FOR ARDENT ADMIRATION AND BREATHLESS ENTHUSIASM.

Mdlle. Sarasier sings, but her voice isn't half as stunning as her fan.

A DISTINCTION.

"Your fa-ather's a funny fellow, dahling. You wemember when I was nea'ly killed in a twap smash up—he said, 'Dwunken men and fools have the best luck.'"

'Oh, he didn't mean anything, Bertie. I asked him afterwards whether he thought you were tipsy—and he said he was sure you were not. Wasn't it kind of him, dear?"

HER PECULIARITY.

Several men were talking about how they happened to marry.

"I ma·ried my wife," said one after the others had all had their say, "because she was different from any woman I ever met."

"How was that?" chorused the others.

"She was the only woman I ever met who would have me."

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Copyright 1898, by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

IRENE VERA TRYING TO RAISE THE ROOF WITH HER HAT.

Note also the roses which were plucked from Miss Vera's conservatory prior to her act of condescension in facing the camera.

SOMETIMES.

Every man intends to have his own way after marriage, but sometimes his wife relieves him of a false impression.

DEFINED.

"What's veal, Benny?"

"Oh, it's the part of the cow we eat before she grows up."

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Photo by Sarony.

IRENE VERA.

Who is proud of her ankles and isn't afraid to show them.

Photo by Thors

HELEN MERRILL.

A young woman whose tights are the wonder of the Pacific Slope.

FINE.

Ethel—I've had fully a dozen offers of marriage lately.

Maud—Mercy, me! Good ones?

Ethel—Yes. All from George.

SIGNS.

Whipleigh—I hear your sister has gone in for the new woman craze!

Snipleigh—I suppose so; I've missed a good many neckties lately.

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Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

MISS HELEN TERRY POTTER. ONE OF THE MOST ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE YEAR.

UNRECOGNISABLE.

Fuddy—Did you hear of the terrible accident that happened to Danby? His injuries were so serious that his most intimate friends were unable to recognise him.

Duddy—Terrible accident? Railway collision? Fell off his bicycle?

Fuady—Worse. He has lost all his money.

BROUGHT UP.

"Remember, witness," sharply exclaimed the counsel for the defence, "you are on oath!"

"There ain't no danger of my forgettin' it," replied the witness, sullenly. "I'm telling the truth for nothin', when I could have made five dollars by lyin' fur your side of the case, an' you know it."

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Photo by Thors.

SADIE MARTINOT IN COMFORTABLE AUGUST ATTIRE.

Warranted to be most serviceable when the thermometer is dallying with 100 in the shade. It is also quite inexpensive.

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Photo by Sarony.

KATHARINE LUCILLE FOOTE SHOWING SOME NEW DESIGNS IN LACE GOODS.

A FAMILY DISGRACE.

Lively Lionel—There goes poor old Wayside Willy; his son has fairly broken his heart.

Languid Lucy—Why, what's the boy done now; turned teetotal?

Lively Lionel—No, wuss than that; he's been an' gorn an' got work—an' in a soap factory.

CURIOSITY SATISFIED.

"Do you pull out teeth gratis, mister?" said a ferocious-looking tramp to a dentist.

"No," replied the dentist, politely; "but I have a bulldog that inserts them gratis."

"I won't wait to consult him," growled the tramp, as he shambled out.

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I. AUGUST, 1898. No. 5.

TALES OF BROADWAY

NO. 5. A LONG BRANCH ANGEL.

BY GORDON PALMER.

"SHE SHADED HER FINE BLACK EYES WITH HER HAND."

BY Jove! She was pretty, as she sat there with her legs crossed and one dainty foot peeping out from under her skirt in a tantalizing manner. Her clothes were Parisian. If this were a fashion article you would be told all about the pleats and insertions and things, but never mind the cut of dress or the cost of her silkings. There she sat. She had come from the Ocean House and dropped into the chair with the air of a woman who expected to meet somebody.

Ever and anon she shaded her fine black eyes with her hand and gazed seaward with a searching glance—though there seemed to be no particular reason for believing that a man would make a summary appearance from the damp East.

I watched her I admit it freely; she was well worth watching. She filled the eye and made pleasant thoughts chase themselves through a brain that all morning had fed on cocktails. Her svelte form—but let all that nonsense go.

With worldly wise tuition and a knowledge based on experience, I settled the the whole thing. See was there to keep an appointment with a man—perhaps dark and tall and handsome or blonde and dashing. There was no doubt of it. He

"AND BEGAN PACING UP AND DOWN THE BEACH."

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was coming down here to meet this pretty sprite of a woman whose smile and gleaming teeth were ransom for a dozen kings.

She grew nervous.

Ah, additional proof that here was a rendezvous—that she feared her dark or blonde-haired one would disappoint her.

She arose from the chair, opened a silk sunshade and began pacing up and down the beach. It was delicious and teasing to gaze at her as with nervous step and scorning eyes she waited — waited for some other man.

I decided to strike.

By Heaven, how I hated that other man! What right had he to the affection and love-glances of this woman—what right had he, I asked a dozen times as I fumed and fretted and viciously bit my cigar in two.

I made up my mind that I wouldn't stand it; why should I? Was I not an American citizen, a young fellow whose blood was red and who had never been accused of being especially ugly?

Then why should I allow another man to have what I might win with a bold stroke?

I approached my divinity and with all the swagger grace I had acquired in the most exclusive Broadway circles, I raised my hat and said: "I beg pardon, Miss, but you seem to be worried. Perhaps I can be of some service."

She didn't wax wroth, as they have it in the novels. In fact, she actually parted those full ripe lips in a maddening smile and cooed in her most dulcet tones: "Thank you. It's so very nice of you."

I almost swooned with joy.

Then — "You see, I am waiting here for some one and I'm afraid he has missed the boat."

"IT WAS DELICIOUS AND TEASING TO GAZE AT HER."

Ah! Then I was right. I would have strangled that some one had he come on the scene then.

I bowed again—still gracefully, I'm sure, as I had practised those tactics many times before the mirror.

"May I offer my services?" ("as a cavalier" I would have added had I not seen a strong line or two about the beautiful mouth.)

She came toward me smiling. It was Heaven and she was the white angel.

"Yes, you can do something for me," she said.

How I longed to take her in my arms. She continued: "Will you go to the pier and see if you can see my husband and tell him I am here. You will know him at once for he has a long white beard and is very fat."

* * * * * *

HELL!

HANDICAPED.

Miss Sentimental—Charles, did you ever allow your mind to pierce the secrets of the universe, to reason that this dull, cold earth is but the sepulchre of ages past, that man in all his glory is but the soil we tread, which every breeze wafts in an ever-shifting maze, to be found and lost in an infinity of particles—the dust of centuries, reunited, and dissolved as long as time shall endure?

Charles—No-o, I don't know as I did. You see, I've had to earn my living.

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INTERRUPTED.

Tramp: "Yis, mum, I'm stone broke! I declare I was quietly attending to my business when the copper come up and arrested me."

Kind-hearted Lady: "What a shame! Here's some money for you. What is your business?"

Tramp: I'm a burg'ar, mum!"

"There's Mr. Golightly, who boasts that he never changes his mind."

"He can't. No one will exchange with him."

BETWEEN LOVERS.

"Yes, it's a pretty couplet, but it ought to end with money."

"But, my darling girl, the first line ends with love, and won't rhyme with money."

"Well, if it won't, take out love and put in something to rhyme with money, and it will be perfect."

HAPPINESS.

Quericus—Who is the happier, a man who has $100,000 or one who has seven daughters?

Rabbi—The latter.

Quericus—Why?

Rabbi—The man with $100,000 wants more, the other doesn't.

SMART.

"A great many years ago, when I was a little girl," began Miss Candide.

"You mean a number of months ago don't you?" said Softly.

It was no wonder she said Mr. Softly was exceedingly nice when somebody else called him stupid.

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GUARANTEED.

Woman Customer (to dry good's clerk)—Well, I think I'll take this curtain for the bedroom. Is it durable?

Assistant—You may rely on it, madam; it is durable enough to stand any curtain lecture!

A Staving Old Time, although no one is w(h)ooping 'em up. (Our abject apologies to Punch for stealing its right to pun.)

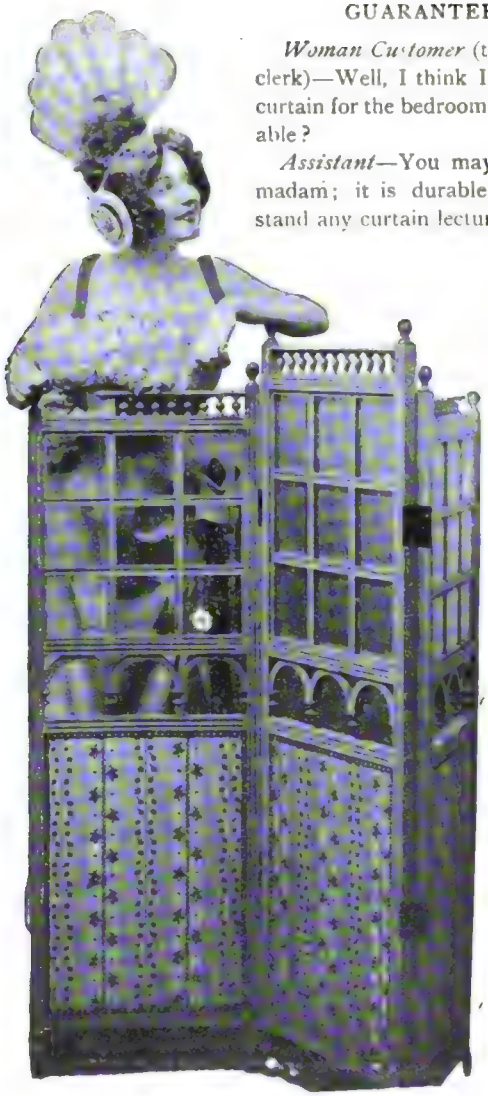
CHANGED THINGS SOMEWHAT.

Mr. Macpherson had just got his coat off.

"I'll play for a hundred up," he was saying.

Then a messenger arrived with the news that his wife had been run over by an cable car and wanted to see him immediately before she breathed her last.

"In that case," said Macpherson, chalking his cue, "I shall only be able to play fifty."



MDLLE. CARRIER, OF PARIS, WHO KNOWS A THING OR TWO ABOUT POSING

HIS IDEA OF IT.

Tommy—Did you do much fighting during the war, pa?

Pa—I did my share of it, Tommy.

Tommy—Did you make the enemy run?

Pa—You're right, I did, Tommy.

Tommy—Did they catch you, pa?

HER ONLY WISH.

Husband—I have just had my portrait taken. What do you think of it?

Wife—Beau iful, dear; I wish you would look like it sometimes.

Just a Pen-and-Ink Snapshot of a window in the Knickerbocker Club, where Miss Brighteyes passes daily.

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TWO NEW PICTURES OF MRS. POTTER. TAKEN IN AUSTRALIA.

THE CLASSIC FEATURED MR. BELLEW IN THREE OF HIS BEST KNOWN CHARACTERS.
(Photos by Sarony.)

The recent airing anew of the marital troubles in the Potter family has called attention to a couple of people who certainly can lay claim to picturesqueness. Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew don't like America. Of late years they have been treated somewhat unkindly. We are hardly willing to close our eyes to everything and Mrs. Potter and Bellew have suffered because of this sentiment. Mr. Bellew is an aesthetic sort of gentleman who has generally managed to keep himself in the public eye, though not always in an especially commendable manner.

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Photo by Ogerau, Paris.

MDLLE. FEDRIS, WHO, IN ADDITION TO RESTING HER LEFT FOOT IN THE PALM OF A CHAIR, ALSO ACTS IN BURLESQUE.

They call her stunning in Paris, and they know a thing or two about such things in France.

SOMETHING SAVED SOMEWHERE.

Ticket Collector—You don't expect those boys to travel with one ticket?

Fond Mother—Of course I do. They are twins.

EN ROUTE TO SOMEWHERE.

Passenger—We seem to be running more smoothly now.

The Other (excitedly)—Yes, we're off the the line now.

HARD ON HER.

Mrs. Brown—Here's a dog that can do everything but speak; really he's almost as a human being.

Mr. Brown—Better!

Now that the morals of actors have been sufficiently discussed, why shouldn't we have an inquiry into the past of dramatic critics? Some of them, if rumor does not lie, have had one or two presents in their past.

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1.—OLD BLOUGH GOING INTO THE WATER.

2.—OLD BLOUGH IN THE WATER.

3.—OLD BLOUGH WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE WATER.

THE PADDING WOULD'NT EQUALIZE.

A BROADWAY ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONISTIC IDEA OF THE THREE FATES.

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GIN FIZZES AND THINGS.

WHEN MISS BAILEY SHOWED HER TIGHTS.—I am sad. My heart is full to overflowing and I couldn't see the sun through the strongest glass ever made up at the Casino Café. Frankie Bailey is to give up wearing tights. If that isn't enough to make a pessimist, then nothing is. For years have I watched those splendid triumphs of architecture—the Bailey legs. They have appealed in all their tender strength to the very best in my impressionable nature. I have laid awake nights thinking out sonnets to their symmetrical beauty. But—so rumor hath it—next season and every season thereafter Miss Bailey will actually clothe her columnar dreams in plain, matter of fact opaque, skirts such as would be worn by an ingenue not possessed of any particular fleshly virtue. I suppose we must bow to the inevitable. But Weber and Field's beautiful temple of Dutch art will never seem the same to me. And it was such a fine, moving and altogether spectacular place when Miss Bailey showed her tights!

PAULA EDWARDES FOR LONDON, AFTER ALL.—New York, by the way, lost a commendably plump pair of legs when Paula Edwardes went over to London to join Augustin Daly's company. Miss Edwardes was one of the Casino girls who went over with the Lederer Company now playing "The Belle of New York" in London; but London did not like her tough girl, though apparently Mr. Daly thought the English would like her in something else, for he has engaged her at a weekly salary measuring many dollars. Miss Edwardes is a pretty little American girl who had a hard struggle of it for a number of years and who managed to reach her present position without attending more late suppers than were good for her.

NELLIE HAWTHORNE'S FINE SHOULDERS.—Nellie Hawthorne, who is singing on the Casino Roof, is generally conceded to be about the most stunning woman that has been seen at that resort this year. Her appearance about ten o'clock each night has the effect of making the old men strain their eyes and the younger ones order more drinks. She is unquestionably a remarkably fine looking woman, whether in ordinary evening dress or tights. I have seldom seen a whiter pair of shoulders than those of Miss Hawthorne's which have excited the admiration of Casino al fresco audiences. Nellie Hawthorne, you probably are aware, sang with her other two sisters, Lily and Lola, now in England, when the trio appeared at Koster and Bial's about a year ago and rendered "The Willow Pattern Plate" in an artistic manner quite eclipsing anything that had ever before been heard at a New York Roof Garden.

HENRY DIXEY STILL YOUTHFUL.—I saw Henry Dixey a few days ago walking up Sixth avenue on his way to a rehearsal at the Casino. He acted quite as young as he did in those days when he looked as if he had been melted and poured into his Adonis costume. He was a trifle heavier when I saw him, but he still looked youthful and unworried. As he walked along he touched the fences and signs with his hand just as boys do when they haven't anything in particular to do. I'd give half my salary to be as happy and contented as Dixey looked that day.

GIRARDOT'S HEALTH FORMULA.—Little Etienne Girardot of "Charley's Aunt" fame, is unconsciously funny. I can't see him on the stage with a field glass, but off he is at times amusing if not especially entertaining or instructive. Girardot is somewhat of an aesthete, and looks at life through glasses of salmon. Some time ago he was boasting of his fine physical condition (he looks about as healthy as a pullet that has been out in the rain): "Yes, deah boy" said he with that touchingly supercilious air of his; "I'm always ready for anything, y' know. In the morning a tub, a pot of coffee, a jolly apple, a bit of toast and then I'm fit."

! ! ! .

MISS JUDSON TO THE FORE—Little Alice Judson, De Wolf Hopper's new soubrette, is as dainty a little piece of Dresden as ever decorated a comedian's china shop. In "Wang" she has been conducting herself at Manhattan Beach in a way that shows the true qualities of the comedienne, albeit she is too fluffy and pretty to be very funny. However, as yet it would be silly to say that she has quite taken the place of Edna Wallace Hopper, who, before she left her husband's company, had become a delightful little actress. In her short skirt and with her laughing eyes and busy feet—she is not really a dancer—she made a tantalizing figure.

A SPECTACLE OF THE TOWN.—One of the sights of the town this summer has been the spectacle of Helen Marlborough and Ada Dare inone hansom. I say spectacle with a full knowledge of its meaning. Miss Dare or Miss Marlborough alone are interesting to look upon; together they make a spectacle. Miss Marlborough seems to grow more impressive every day while Miss Dare's blondeness is intensified. I remember this svelte woman when she had hair that was like unto the setting sun, but that's another story. She does not always ride in a hansom, by the way. She has a perfectly appointed carriage with a coachman, who comports himself with all the dignity of a Vanderbilt servitor.

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MR. BRADY STILL GENTLE AND REFINED.—That refined, modest lily of the valley, "Diamond Jim" Brady, has not forsaken Broadway, notwithstanding the fact that the old St. James Hotel is now only a memory. I saw him up in the Park not many days ago and he still shone with that effulgence generally seen only at an electrical exhibition. I understand that he no longer wears diamond studded umbrellas, and has transferred his modest 22 carat sparklers to the buckles of his suspenders. Mr. Brady, by the way, indignantly denies the report that he has had offered to him the secretaryship of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission.

WHERE ARE MISS BAGEARD AND MISS RODNEY?—Lustrous-eyed Jeannette Bageard and jolly Babette Rodney have not been seen together much this summer, which furnishes food for despondency. Last year they were the happiest, blithiest things that ever tripped a careless trip. Their perfectly harmless but none the less picturesque escapades at Manhattan Beach and other nearby New York resorts were duly chronicled by me at the time and I have pulled through a dreary winter and a moist spring in the hope that this summer would find them beautifully flippant as of yore. But woe is me and you and everyone else who loves rainbows and gleaming teeth. Miss Bageard has been so busy with rehearsals and performances of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" that she has not had any time for carelessness. I know nothing of Miss Rodney's whereabouts, for which I abjectly apologize.

MR. COMSTOCK ACCOMPLISHES WONDERS.—The Hon. Alexander Comstock, the most brilliant failure in American theatricals, has been summering at a Long Island resort. The hotel keepers and hackman were not obliged to walk home.

"CHICOT" DEFIED—"Chicot," the most capable dramatic critic in his line in this country, has for over a year been telling vaudeville people that they had better give up the "Miserere" as a piece de resistance. If he had heard, as I did the other night, a gin-fizzed gentleman attempt the "Miserere" at Shanley's, he would not have said a word. He would have sneaked forth, borrowed several large guns and then returned and peppered that voice. I like Shanley's, but I wish to Heaven the deep-throated thrushes would stick to "Grace O'More" after midnight.

MR. KAFFENBURGH WITH US AGAIN.—I have good news for all. Let the bells peal and the cable cars cavort. "Abie" Kaffenburgh, nephew of the little giant "Abe" Hummell, is back with us again. That is to say, he has forsaken the tallow dip for the calcium. A long time ago I recorded the sad fact that Mr. Kaffenburgh had decided to eschew the broiled lobster and the merry clam. I was sorry at the time. Broadway really couldn't lose "Abie" any more than it could lose the Nineteen Little Shanleys. But let's rejoice. Mr. Kaffenburgh once again revels in the street that was deserted without him. Thank Heaven, the sun still shines for us all.

A FOOLISH WOMAN AND A GOOD LOOKING ACTOR.—One actor is getting into trouble. One matinee hero-worshipper is silly. The town looks on smilingly interested. The husband, as usual doesn't even carry a dark lantern. And some lawyer will reap a harvest and some judge say wise things to which no one will pay any heed. It's a queer little world.

GUNN'S NEW POSTERS.—Archie Gunn, whose ballet girls have caused more than one full flush, tells me he has been a pretty busy man of late. For some time Archie has been working almost entirely on his posters. Among those for whom he has posters are Richard Mansfield, Frank Perley, for Alice Neilson; Rogers Brothers, Matthews & Bulger and "Moth and the Flame," which certainly runs a very interesting gamut. Gunn still finds time to play cricket, which is the national game so far as he is concerned. Baseball is a childish and silly affair to Archie.

THE ROMANCE OF FREDDIE WARE.—Freddie Ware, once Alderman Ware, did not surprise his friends very much when he married that pretty little artist's model. He was attentive to her from the night he first met her at Maria's Italian restaurant on West Twelfth Street. When Freddie was Alderman under the Strong regime he cut quite a swathe in local table d' hote circles. He seemed to have formed the opinion that all that was necessary to attain the full degree of Bachelor of Bohemianism was to eat large amounts of spaghetti and consume prodigious qualities of red ink, by courtesy called wine. Down at Maria's he met a motely crowd of reporters, artists, models and dry goods clerks who tried to climb the heights of deviltry at forty cents a climb, with a pint bottle thrown in. Freddie, be it said to his credit, conducted himself in a reasonably dignified manner. His marriage to the dainty artist's model created quite a stir in Maria's establishment.

MITCHELL, THE FIGHTER.—Mason Mitchell, manager, actor, and Rough Rider, will certainly be a unique figure in the theatrical world when he returns to Broadway once more. The news that he had been wounded in Cuba caused genuine regret among his old associates. Mitchell is an erratic fellow, but he's all right at heart and a devilish good friend. He almost broke the records, by the way, in the managerial field. He stayed with Mansfield for nearly one consecutive year, which is something to make one wonder and stand aghast.

THAT ZIEGFELD ROMANCE.—We are asked to believe that Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., who discovered Anna Held's shoulders, was embarrassed by Otero when she threw her arms around his neck recently in Paris. There's a mistake somewhere. I don't doubt that Otero threw her arms. She knows how to do that with alacrity and enthusiasm. But I refuse to believe that Ziegfeld was embarrassed. He's about the coolest proposition in the busines. Nothing less violent than an earthquake could feaze him. Not even the warm pink arms of an Otero could make him forget that he has a mission on earth; which is to look out for M. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof. Florenz is decidedly canny.

Come again next month and visit

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

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Photo by Ogerau, Paris.

MDLLE. GUERRERO, WHO DOTES ON HER OWN SHOULDERS.

After even a casual glance we confess to an overwhelming adoration for the young lady's general architectural plans.

ANNUALLY.

Now summer hats and summer frocks
Absorb the female breast;
And wives become a grievance, for
They have to be re-dressed.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

"Lost again; that's the second time this week," said the lawyer.

"Lost your costs?" asked his friend.

"No, not so bad as that; only the case."

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Photo by Thors, San Francisco.

CAMILLE CLEVELAND IN AN ATTITUDE THAT SHOWS SWEET COMPLACENCY.

She also looks as if she had settled affairs for next season. In fact, she may be singing "I Love to Sign a Contract Every Day." It's fine to be as happy as she.

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AMELIE RIVES. ALSO THE PRINCESS TRAUBETZKOY.
She's at work on a new novel that is more hysterical than even "The Quick and The Dead.

She says: "Comme
il faut—s'il vous plait!"
Likewise: "Oh la la!"
—toujours gaie!"
And she smiles and
she smirks
And her body she
jerks
In a very Parisian way.

But this sweet little
neat coryphée
Comes straight from
the Bowery—say!
And the dear little
wench
Puts on airs that are
French
Just because she is in
a ballet!

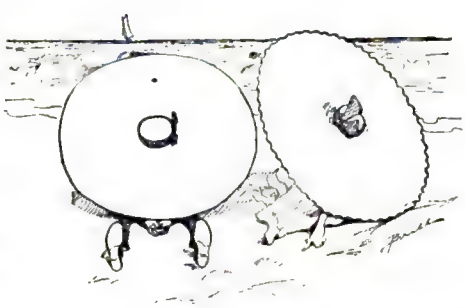
HIS MISFORTUNE.

He was a successful young author of psychological novels and character studies, and he was trying to encourage the elder man with a few hints of the manner of his genius.

"I am singularly talented that way," he told them; "I have a vast penetration. I can tell at a glance, for instance, what people are thinking of me."

"Very clever, no doubt," commented one of the veterans; "but—you must pass a very miserable existance."

And the young man went and leaned his head against the cool marble mantelpiece to help him to think it out.



If "Straws" show, which way the wind blows, it's very evident that George and Ethel aren't getting any breeze at all.

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ALEXANDER C. KENEALY,
of "The World."

MORRILL GODDARD,
of "The Journal."

SYLVESTER SCOVEL,
of "The World."

JAMES L. CREELMAN
of "The Journal."

KARL DECKER,
of "The Journal."

FREDERIC REMINGTON,
"of The Journal."

These are some of the men at the front who are sending us news from the seat of war in Cuba.

Only those who have experienced it can have any idea of the dangers and risks that lie in wait for the newspaper war-correspondent. He is frequently right in the line of fire, yet he has no means of protecting himself, especially against such an enemy as the United States are fighting now, for Spain respects no non-combatants. Her guerilla sharpshooters fire on the Red Cross ambulances; why should they spare newspaper men?

FRANKLIN CLARKIN,
of "The Evening Post."

All these men or at least their names are well-known to readers of THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE, and their photographs will be scanned with close interest. It must be remembered that in order to get the news, each must be right there, close to where the fighting is going on, for unless he is prepared to send to his paper at least as reliable an account as his rivals, there is no excuse for his being at the front at all.

Under the circumstances, the toast that we and our readers are ready to drink is peculiarly apt. It is this:

"Long life to the newspaper men at the front!"

SEVEN PROMINENT NEW YORK NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AT THE FRONT.

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Photo by Thors, San Francisco.

SEE THE GIRL; ALSO THE SNAKE.

She's real. The snake's fake. But the picture is all right, and the young woman is to be envied in these days, when diaphanous robes are better than gold and sealskins.

BOASTS.

"They say old Rocksey is a man of untold wealth."

"They're wrong. He's never tired of talking about it."

A CLOSE SHAVE.

Mrs. Don Jois—Did you make the enemy run, my lord?"

Don Jois—Run! Yes; why it was a grand victory, but they nearly caught us again."

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MISS BROADWAY UP TO DATE.

"I don't care a rap for anybody. Them's my sentiments."

And she looks it.

NOT PROMISING TOO MUCH.

"DEAREST, will you marry me, and ever be my loving little wife?"

"I'll be your wife, Ferdinand, but the rest of the question you had better ask of a seer."

"Oh, Mum, here comes your husband."

"Well, Julia, what of it?"

"But he's sober this time, Mum."

Canny Old Father (To officiating Clergyman). — Here's a quarter. Come down to my store sometime and I'll give you trade discount on my best imported goods.

The Parson.—And what do you sell, sir?

C. O. F. — Cigarettes, Brandies, etcetera.

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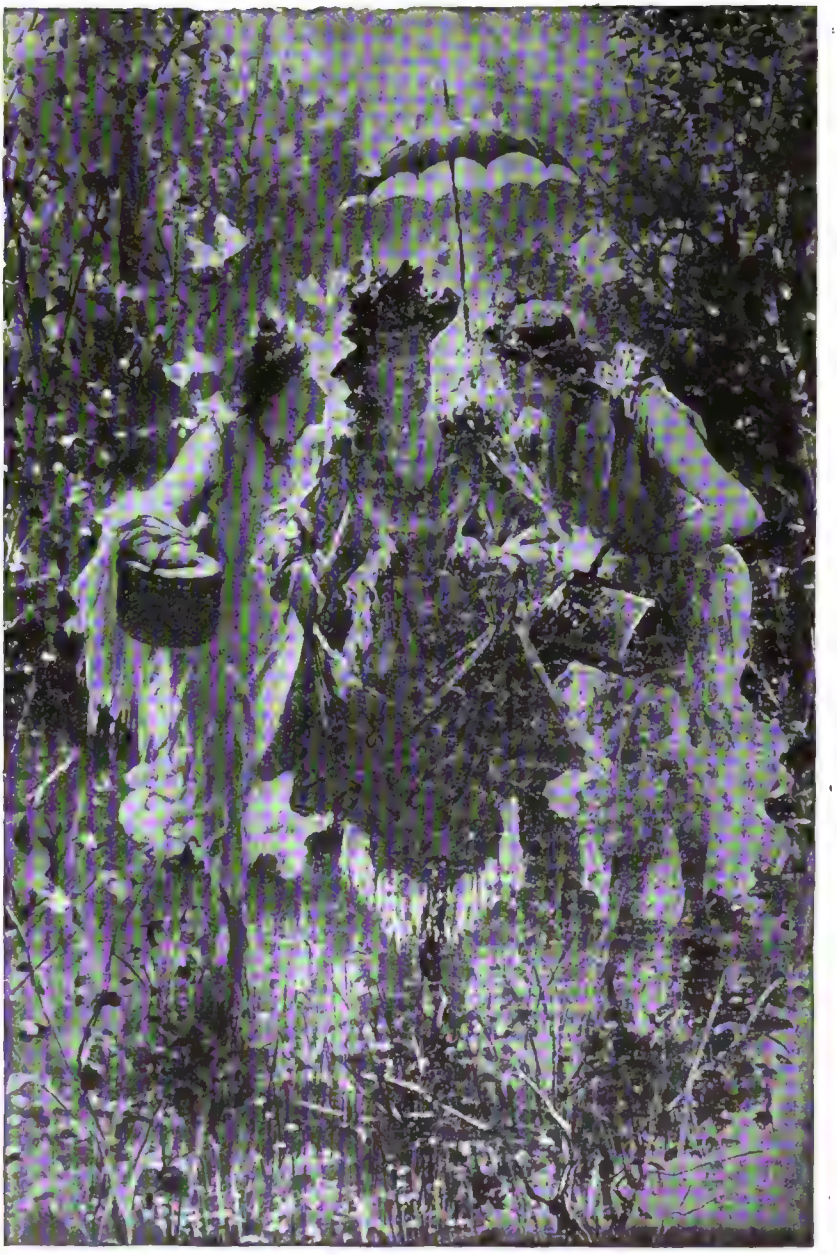

"What sort of a girl is she?"
"Oh, she is a miss with a mission."
"Ah!"
"Her mission is seeking a man with a mansion."

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Photo by Pach Bros.

WHEN WILL WE THREE MEET AGAIN.

THE PROUD MAN AND THE TELESCOPE.

1. "Ah, now I'll make an impression."

THE NEW GIRL HEARD FROM HER.

"Mommer, dear, what's an innocent?"

"A person who knows nothing evil, Johnny."

"Then popper thinks you're an awful good woman, 'cause I heard him tell the new girl you was an innocent. Are you an awful good woman, mommer?"

"No," said mommer, sharply.

A CINCH FOR BROWN.

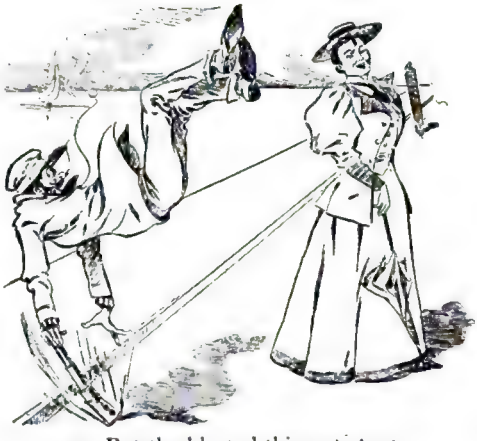
"I hear that Brown has joined a vigilance society for putting down short skirts on the stage. What on earth's come to him, he used to be so jolly?"

"Sh! he's going to get me on the committee of it too. He has to go behind the stage and measure the length of the girl's skirts."

THE CAUSE.

"Graham's got a stiff neck."

"Yes, girl, sat next him in a cable car, pretty girl, too."



2. But the blasted thing shut up.

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WHAT WILL THE POOR GIRLS DO THIS SUMMER?

With the men at the front and the dudes on the sands, Cupid is truly only a jester.

THE TROUBLE.

"Bridget, did you get the flowers that I am to wear to-night in my hair?"

"Yes, mum, but——"

"But what?"

"I've mislaid the hair, mum!"

BOTH SORRY.

Collector—Mr. Gibbs, I am sorry to have to ask you to pay this little bill.

Gibbs—Are you, my boy? Well, I can sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. I am sorry you have to ask me.

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She—If a Spanish warship were to appear, could she sink us, do you think?
He—She might—if she aimed at a point sixty miles in another direction!

NOTHING TO HIM.

"Captain Skaggs, did you ever get your leg bit off by a shark?" asked a boy of six of a retired sea captain.

"Did I, sonny?" he replied. "Did I? Well, rather. Dozens of times."

QUITE SIMPLE.

Tulliver—Uncle Pullet knows on which side his bread is buttered.

Floss—Any fool can manage that.

Tulliver—How?

Floss—By dropping it on the carpet.

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Photo by Thors, San Francisco.

MISS HELEN MERRILL PICKING APPLES FROM A ROSE BUSH.

That's what it looks like. However, perhaps she's gathering apricots from a raspberry tree. Please settle it to suit yourself.

ROMEO'S WISH.

He was young but ardent. "I wish I were the glove that presses your lovely hand," he said to the charming maid.

She glanced at him with a bewitching smile. "Aren't you enough of a kid as it is?" she softly asked.

TO HAVE THE POINT CLEARED.

Blimson (taking a room, to the landlady)—I assure you, madam, I never left a boarding-house but the landlady shed tears.

Landlady (with an inquiring look)—I hope it was not, sir, that you went away without paying?"

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Miss Getatin—Oh, Mr. Softspot, we have cast you for one of our characters in our new one-act drawing-room play. The part is that of the Idiot Lover! It will fit you like a glove, and you won't need to make up the least little mite in the world.

ORCE OF HABIT.

I WONDER why artists are always so careful to sign their pictures?"

"Possibly so's the public can tell the top from the bottom."

THEY KNEW.

The Teacher—Now, children, this is an exercise in mental arithmetic. All follow me carefully, and I hope that every one of you will be able to give the correct answer. Listen—If I divide among the twenty of you forty mince pies, ten apple pies, one hundred huckleberry pies, and sixty pounds of cheese, what will each of you have?

The Class (unanimously)—Indigestion!

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A FEW PEOPLE, A LOT OF SAND, PLENTY OF OCEAN AND NO END OF GOSSIP AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.
They're not all wicked people, just aching to do something shocking, notwithstanding the daily newspaper Seashore Correspondent.

THE BEGINNING.

"I wish you would tell me," said the kind old judge to the lady burglar, "how you came to adopt such a disreputable profession. How did you begin?"

"Your honor," replied the miserable woman, "my first step was to go through my husband's pockets while he slept. After that the descent was easy."

OBLIGING.

Mrs. B.:— I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I say.

Mr. B.:— I do, my dear, as little as possible.

DO YOU RECOGNIZE MRS. ROBERT FITZSIMMONS? Well, this is she, only the picture was taken when she was Rose Julian, a particularly serpentine Contortionist.

HOW TO GET IT.

Mrs. Prentice— How do you always manage to have such delicious beef.

Mrs. Bywell—I select a good, honest butcher, and then stand by him.

Mrs. Prentice— You mean that you give him all your trade?"

Mrs. Bywell:— No; I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat.

COWARDLY.

Poet: — Poets, sir, are born, not made.

Publisher:— That's right; lay the blame on your poor father and mother.

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A BRUNETTE.

MISS LEVY, OF NEW YORK.

TWO NOTEWORTHY PORTRAITS BY THE YOUNG AMERICAN PAINTER, THEODORE WORES.

EQUALLY INTERESTED.

"So that young man wants to marry you?" said Mabel's father.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Do you know how much his salary is?"

"No. But it is an awfully strange coincidence."

"What do you mean?"

"Herbert asked me the very same question about you."

The Big one.—Do you children want to hear a story?
The Boy.—Oh yes, you can tell such fine ones. Mamma says you're a beautiful liar.

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In the wave,
All alive
Does my love
Take a lave
And a dive
Like a dove.

And it's would
I could be
Just one wave—
Oh, how good
You would see
Me behave.

AT LLOYD'S.

Shipowner — Are you taking war risks?"

Underwriter—Yes.

Shipowner — Will you open a thousand on me, then? I didn't get home last night, and my clerk says my wife and her mother have just come to the office after me.

SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"Oh, what a falling off was there!"

Lady—Chase at sea, eh. Chasing what?

Bright Newsy—Well, mum, chasing de duck, I guess, if it's at sea.

AND HE NEVER FOUND OUT.

It was the first time he was being married, and he was naturally a little nervous and upset; but he managed to say "Yes" all right, and to keep time to Mendelssohn, sailing down the aisle, and to sign his name in the register without making more than a dozen blots.

He thought then that it was finished, but when they got to the church-door they found it was raining.

"Confound it," he cried, putting up his umbrella, "another nuisance now."

And then, though he cannot guess why, the people around all laughed, and his mother-in-law bridled, and his wife refused to speak.

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"Did you say that Jenks owed his financial success to his own will power?"
"Oh, no, to his uncle's will power. He left everything to Jenks."

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He—(before the wedding)—You are sure you won't be nervous at the altar?

She—I've never been yet.

She—I hope you have a good racquet.

He—I did last night—er—yes. I was out with the boys, certainly.

SETTLED IT.

He—Did you tell your father that I would kill myself if I couldn't have you?

She—Yes.

He—What did he say?

She—He said that settled it. You couldn't have me.

HOW STRANGE.

Pat—That was a sad thing about Mickey O'Halloran.

Mick—Phwat was that?

Pat—He doyed last noight early this morning an' niver regained conshusness.

Wife—Oh, Harry, the cook has been at one of our bottles of wine again.

Husband—Yes. I thought I noticed a list to port in her movements last night.

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DISAPPOINTMENT.

"It appears," said the police magistrate, "you stole seventeen pounds of butter. It was found in your possession and identified positively. You have not accounted satisfactorily for it, and there is no doubt whatever in my mind that you are guilty. I shall send you to jail for one month."

"Your honor," protested the prisoner with tears in his eyes, "can't you make it fourteen days? The stuff was nothing but oleomargarine."

A DEFINITION.

Mamma—Oh, dear! Jimmy, I don't believe you know what it is to be good.

Jimmy—Yes, I do, mamma. It's not doing what you want to do.

IN DOUBT

Hen-pecked Husband (calling the hired-girl aside) — See here, Susie, I am told that my wife and daughters are planning a trip to Narragansett; do you know whether I am going with them or not?"

Photo by Falk, N. Y.

MISS BLANCHE WALSH DEFYING THE SPANIARDS.

ORDERS.

Two Drummers, comparing notes. "I have been out three weeks," said the first, "and have only got four orders.

"That beats me," said the other; "I have been out four weeks and have only got one order, and that's from the firm to come home."

SIZE.

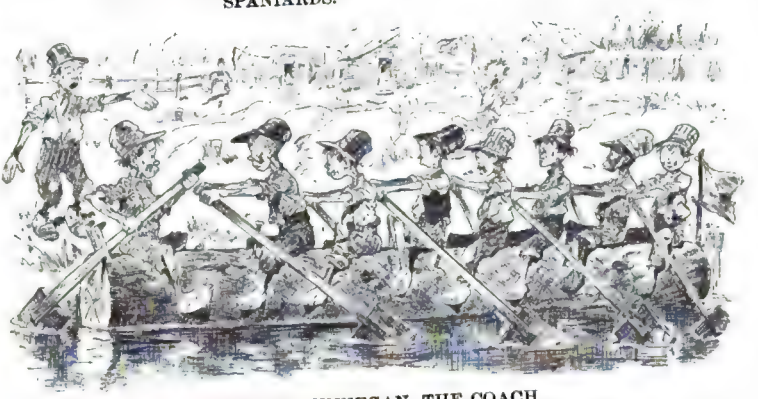
Gus de Smuff—New York is a tremendously large city.

Young Hardup—(who owes everbody)—It is, eh? If you had three or four bill collectors after you it wouldn't be long before you would think it wasn't half big enough.

THE EXCEPTION.

"The child is father to the man."

"Oh, not always; sometimes it is a girl."



MICKEY FINNEGAN, THE COACH.

"Now, den, fellers, do y' best, we'll show dem galoots wid striped tennis shirts dat we k n beat de band. And don't fergit dat de loveliest ladies of de ward is lookin' at yer."

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Photo by Steffens, Chicago.

MISS LAURA WILLIAMS, THE PRETTY CHICAGO GIRL WHO IS TO BECOME MRS. GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT WHEN THE CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

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EDNA WALLACE HOPPER LOOKING LIKE AN AUGUST AFTERNOON.

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Photo by Pach Bros., N. Y.

A LATE PICTURE OF LILLIAN RUSSELL WHO REFUSES TO LOOK MORE THAN TWENTY-EIGHT.

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I do not care for horses, but
I'm very fond of Mabel,
And Mabel does not care for me,
But dotes upon the stable,
The horse cares not a rap for us,
But eats all he is able—
A most peculiar state of things
'Twixt me, the horse and Mabel!

THE COWARD!

Box—Who's that fat specimen of humanity.

Cox—A particular friend of mine, sir.

Box—That's a beastly thing to say about the poor devil behind his back.

Fussy Old Lady—Why don't you read tracts, young woman?

Broadway Actress—Oh, go make tracks!

A HOUSE FULL.

ONE PAIR—GOING IN.

TWO POKER EXPRESSIONS ILLUSTRATED

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A STUNNING BEAUTY WHO MADE A FOOL OF A COUNT, A DOZEN DUDES AND ONE PLAIN MAN.

She hails from Vienna, her name is Therese Salles, and she has broken any number of hearts in Austria's lively capital. Besides the noblemen and things who succumbed to her guiles, was a young man of good family and fine prospects, who left the country when he found that she was not as unsophisticated as he had believed her to be. He also left her an annuity which she manages to spend without effort.

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MISS MAUDE HOLLINS.

Wearing a smile that suggests a combination of good nature and a dentifrice advertisement.

CHANGING TRADES.

Visitor (at museum)—I want to see some of the mummies.

New Attendant (formerly a floor walker)—Yes, madam. Step this way; we have all the latest styles.

THE LATEST THINGS IN HOSIERY.

On exhibition every rainy afternoon on Broadway. Reserved seats now on sale. Opera glasses furnished to those over seventy-two.

CHOICE.

Magistrate — Now, ten dollars or ten days, prisoner?"

Prisoner — Thank yez, sor; Oi think Oi'll take the ten dollars.

Portrait of a young man not on the square.

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THE FRISKY PRINCESS CHIMAY'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

THE PRINCESS CHIMAY, THE SHAMELESS.

Clara Ward that was and now the Princess Chimay, is, in the vernacular, "the limit." Her proposition to pay a visit to Detroit, her birth-place, in company with her oily-haired lover, is the most brazen achievement in a life pretty well filled with shamelessness.

The Princess has been perfectly consistent since she left her lawful husband's bed and board. Never for a moment has she forgotten that she has had a reputation to sustain—a reputation so notorious and foul as to make even the experienced Continental rounder stand aghast in dazed astonishment. The Princess is several species of a bird. She is a wonder. And some day we shall wake up and read that she has given Rigo the dinky-dink and flown with a blonde hand-organ man.

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BROADWAY SILHOUETTES

BY HOFFMAN AULIC.

1

1. George, Marie (Photo by Edsall.) Pretty, smart and she has danced at the Casino as Kissie Fitzgarter, a name coined by the versatile Hugh Morton. Is appearing in "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

2

2. Lackaye, Wilton (Photo by Morrison.) The greatest Svengali of them all. Will star again next season, notwithstanding his lack of complete success in Charles Klein's "Dr. Bellgraff."

7

3. Eddy, Jerome (Photo by Pease.) One of America's best-known Press Agents. Dramatic editors use wads of Eddy's flimsy.

3

8

4. Schloss, J. (Photo by himself.) A photographer of New York, who is popular with theatrical folk. Is situated on Fifth avenue.

4

5. Kyle, Howard (Photo by Falk.) An actor and a good one. Appeared in "Way Down East" at the Manhattan. Capable of fine work.

5

6. Stuart, Rose (Photo by Chickering.) A member of the "What Happened To Jones" company. Pretty and clever.

6

7. Albee, E. F. (Photo by Sarony.) General manager of the Keith circuit. Is more sought after than any other manager in the country. A good man for a mighty trying position.

8. Blaney, Harry Clay (Photo by Thors.) Makes money out of fire-away farces, while Shakesperian players are arguing with their landladies.

9. Oliver, Olive (Photo by Marceau.) Plays heavy leads and can tear scenery in the most approved fashion. Doesn't always, however, as she's a good actress.

9

10. Smithson, Frank (Photo by Beaufort, Birmingham, Ala. or N. Y., take your pick.) Stage manager and actor. Brought to this country by E. E. Rice. Played the blustering major in "The Girl From Paris." His wife appeared in the same piece as Phoebe Coyne.

10

11. Warfield, David (Photo by Pace.) Plays a Hebrew well and then stops. Was going to star under Klaw and Erlanger. Somebody changed his mind.

12. Dean, Laura (Photo by Kennedy and Bell, Toronto.) Soubrette. Can smile and sing and skip and do other things at the same time. Has been blessing Broadway with her presence.

13. Kerker, Gustave (Photo by Sarony.) Musical director. Composes the music for the Hugh Morton Mosaics. Very popular.

14. Sarony, Otto. (By himself.) A New York Photographer and son of the famous dean of American photography the late Napoleon Sarony.

15. Kendall, Dorothy. (Photo by Eddowes.) Member of the Kelcey-Shannon Company. Young and pretty.

16. Gillette, William (Photo by Specht, Boston,) The celebrated cold-storage actor and author of "Secret Service." Can smoke a cigar with all the sangfroid of an icicle.

11

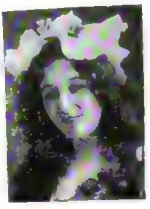

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Photo by Sarony.
MISS VIRGINIA EARLE, FROM ONE OF HER LATEST PHOTOS.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

"No, Mr. Gallish," she said kindly, "I am sure I could never learn to love you."

"Oh, maybe you could," rejoined Gallish, cheeringly; "never too old to learn, you know."

OBLIGING.

"We've got to economize," said Mr. Gargoyle to his wife.

"Very well, dear," replied the good woman, cheerfully. "You shave yourself and I'll cut your hair."

PROVED.

"How do you know he never kissed any girl before?"

"He told me so himself."

"How do you know he was not telling a lie?"

"I had it from his own lips."

A LITTLE DUCK CHASE.

TO THE CHASE.

Me you see all arrayed for the chase.
With leggings and gloves and gun;
I am dressed with exceeding grace,
And decidedly quite A 1.

My figure is neat and svelte,
My gun isn't loaded, though;
And what with my waist and belt,
I think you will say I'm the go.

Now what am I going to chase?
That depends quite of course on my luck,
But I think you may bet your sweet face
That I'll soon feel like chasing the duck.

For this hunting is dry sort of work
And it causes a thirsty throttle,
So boys if you love me, jerk
The cork from a nice cold bottle!

AN OPEN FACE HUNTER.

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UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP TEXAS, CAPTAIN JACK PHILIP, COMMANDER.

In the Act of Doing Things to Spain.

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▲ CHARGE OF THE TENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY AT EL CANEY, CUBA.

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Copyright, 1898, by Rockwood, N.Y.
LIEUT. COL.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A FINE BODY OF MEN.

The First Volunteer Cavalry, better known as the Rough Riders, is a characteristic American organization. What it has done already in Cuba is in everybody's mouth, and the United States are still talking of the wonderful dash and pluck, of the risk of the Cavalry shortly after the landing at Baiquiri when Sergeant Hamilton Fish, so well-known along Broadway, was killed.

To Roosevelt's energy is due the birth and growth of this regiment. Not all its members are cowboys or New York dudes, as is sometimes supposed. It is composed of men who are good riders and accustomed to firearms.

COL. WOOD GIVING INSTRUCTIONS.

LT. WOODBURY KANE, TROOP K.

TROOP K. PREPARING TO MOUNT.

COL. LEONARD WOOD AND AN AIDE.
BEFORE THE MARCH.

TROOP K ON MARCH LED BY COL.
WOOD AND LT.-COL. ROOSEVELT.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE ROUGH RIDERS WHO FOUGHT SO BRAVELY IN CUBA.

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Photograph by Prince Washington.

GENERAL W. R. SHAFTER.

They call him the human fortress, because he weighs something over three hundred pounds. But he gets around with considerable facility in Cuba and is the idol of the troops. Another name for him is 'Pecos Bill." General Shafter is O. K.

Photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

GEN. W. L. BROOKE.

Who was directed to increase the American forces at Santiago with his own, formerly at Chickamauga, and who has been placed at the head of the Porto Rican expedition.

ADJT. GEN. CORBIN, MILITARY ATTACHÉ AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

His advice has been much sought by the President regarding the war.

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COMMODORE WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY.

Who dallied with one Cervera and his Fleet of Dingies before Santiago.

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

HOW THE SPANIARDS TRY NOT TO HIT ANYTHING.

At least, this is practically what the time spent by them at practice firing amounts to. The above is a picture of the fortifications at Porto Rico, and shows the enemy earnestly engaged in aiming at the atmosphere.

"LOADING HER UP"
ON THE NEW YORK.

This is the ship chosen by Admiral Sampson for his flagship. The gunners are exceedingly expert and the immense amount of practice they have undergone in the past has prepared them for all sorts of emergencies. The above is from a photograph sent to THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

This is one of the many mansions that will belong to your Uncle Samuel when this cruel war is over. The present occupant of it is Senor Macias. He has a pretty daughter brave enough to be an American girl, for she cheered on the troops when our battleships bombarded the island

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INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Sarony.

Oh Nina, plump Nina,
You're obviously not leaner
Than in those days of old
When bold
You sported on the stage.

Moreover, worldly Nina,
You are not any greener—
Your plump and pleasing form
So warm
Is *not* reduced by age.

Yes Nina, gay Nina,
Although you may be keener
Your rollicking eyeballs seem
To gleam
Which makes you all the brighter.

And Nina, dear Nina,
You are a gay careener!
It's very odd, but folks
Make jokes
And tell me you are lighter!

Photo by Falk.

GEORGE BLUMENTHAL, MANAGER OF THE HARLEM OPERA HOUSE.

The man who is responsible for the American Theatre Project at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

PORTRAIT

Of a distinguished married man who stares at all the pretty girls on Broadway and who has already received more than one thrashing. Can anyone guess the name?

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A SNAKE THAT DOESN'T BITE.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN SOUBRETTE.

(Photos by Thors, San Francisco.)

THE VERY TOUGH GIRL. JUST PLAIN GASSMAN.

JOSEPHINE GASSMAN, A VAUDEVILLER WHO PLAYS MANY PARTS.

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A DASH OF RED.

NICE EYES AND TEETH AND SHOULDERS.

A LITTLE BIT OF HUFF.

A DAINTY CARESS ON A PINK CHEEK.

FOUR NEW PICTURES OF PILAR MORIN.

The French Woman whose revels in "Orange Blossoms," that classic of the semi-nude, were the wonder of the town two seasons ago. Pilar Morin looks very innocent here, but she can be very devilish when she tries.

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MARGARET REID.

The American singer who will sing in Maurice Grau's Company at Convent Garden next season. Miss Reid's voice is her fortune, "oh, sir," she said.

ELINORE LYNCH

Who is playing a "Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" on the banjo in London. She's pretty and from Chicago.

ONE WAY.

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost of em?" inquired the customer, cautiously.

"No."

"Then cook 'em with a nice slice o' ham!" said the customer, greatly relieved.

DETECTED.

"How came you to suspect the prisoner to be a man in woman's clothing?" inquired the magistrate.

"I didn't suspect," answered the detective; "as soon as I saw her trying to lift her bonnet after she had met and passed another woman in the street, I simply knew she was a man."

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Oh isn't it grand
To lie down on the sand
With your face on your hand
Like this?

SURELY.

First Chappie—I wonder now, Chollie, how the donkey ever came to be used as the—er, emblem of stupidity.

Second Chappie (with a yawn)–Don't know, I'm sure, deah boy; must have been before our day.

VARIETIES.

Lady—I would like some powder, please.

Druggist — Face, gun, or bug?

But to pose on the shore
Is much nicer, far more,—
There are more to adore
And kiss!

HER PREFERENCE.

TRUE ENOUGH.

Don't despise the day of small things. The clock that won't strike one will never strike twelve.

A MYSTERIOUS FRENCHWOMAN.

She attends every night at the Grand Opera, and sits in the same box. Nobody knows who she is, except the French Chief of Police, and he won't tell. Her pictures are in every photographer's window and her name would be in everybody's mouth if they knew what it was. She is exceedingly lovely, even for a Frenchwoman. It is the reigning mystery of the city of frivolity.

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He—(ardently): I'd give $1,000 to win your love, Adelaide.
She—Cash down?

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Photo by Eddowes Bros.

MISS SYLVA CHEERING SOME GOOD NEWS ABOUT SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE.

A WOMAN OF DIVINE CURVES.

That about fits Marguerite Sylva.

Two years ago few could have told you who Marguerite Sylva was. Her name did have a familiar ring and her personality was shrouded in more or less obscurity.

Now ask who she is and the man who professes ignorance of those curves and glorious eyes must needs acknowledge himself out of the swim.

For Miss Sylva certainly can lay claim to more than ordinary symmetry as to form, while the light of her eyes is like unto the refulgence of a calcium.

When Miss Sylva appeared in Rice's "The

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Photo by Eddowes Bros.

MISS SYLVA IN AN EXULTANT MOOD.

French Maid," the dramatic critics of the town wondered why they had never before noticed those wonderful black eyes, those splendid teeth and the gleam of those black stockinged ankles. Marguerite Sylva had won out on the mere strength of her personality.

Miss Sylva is fortunate in having many of the qualities which help to make popularity. Strangely enough, magnetism is not one of these, but her physical charms and smile are sufficient unto themselves.

Marguerite Sylva is decidedly fine to look upon, and so say all of us.

A TIE OF RELATIONSHIP.

It is unkind of Roger to tell tales out of school; one should kiss and keep one's lips shut.

"I must admit," he says, "that I entered the room rather unceremoniously, without knocking, and in a hurry. I expected to find Gladys alone; and there was also a gentleman there, who rose somewhat confusedly as I went in."

"But Gladys, dear girl, never loses presence of mind, as can be seen.

"'Hallo, George,' she said, 'allow me to introduce to you my brother from Boston.'

"'Delighted, I am sure,' I cried, as I took the Johnnies hand. 'We ought to become great chums, you and I.'

"'Oh, er,' stammered the Johnnie, 'and why?'

"'Well, you see,' I answered, determined to make Gladys blush, 'I also, you know, have been her brother from Boston.'"

Some Men Well-known on Broadway.

(Photos by See & Eyles, B.J. Falk, & L. Blum.)

Manager Cadogan of the Hoffman House.

Gustav Baumann, Proprietor, Holland House.

Rupert Hughes, Associate Editor, the Criterion.

William Courtleigh, Leading Man.

Henry Miller, Star.

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Photo by Thors, San Francisco.

THE VERY LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE JANSEN.

It's good and shows that Miss Jansen will not have to play character parts for many years to come.

CAUTION.

"No, I never take the newspaper home; I've a family of grown-up daughters, you know."

"Papers too full of crime, eh?"

"No, too full of bargain sales."

ALL RIGHT.

Father—You must live within your income, sir.

Son—That's all right, governor. I was afraid you were going to ask me to live without it.

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Oh, pretty Polly is putting a
poppy on her parasol.
The parasol means "hiding"
and the flower "forget-
fulness;"
Does she mean from me to
hide and to forget me?
Can you guess?
Oh no! I'll ne'er be treated in
that way by pretty Poll.
Though she's putting a petulant
poppy on her poky parasol!

A PLEASANT DESCRIPTION.

Screechley—Did my singing make a hit?

Wigwag—My dear fellow, it was just a howling success.

LINGERING.

Young Lawyer — Make yourself easy, my dear sir; the successful management of your case shall be the task of my life."

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

Sarah certainly is a wonderful woman. Here she is playing parts at nearly sixty years of age which the youngest and plumpest actress fail to invest with her charm. Not only that, but she beats them all another way, by inventing new conceptions of the old parts, especially that of Camille, which she has lately been reviving with quite a new reading very successfully.

SARAH BERNHARDT.
Her latest picture.

Madame Bernhardt has been entreated by the Emperor of Germany to play in Berlin, and she refused unless he let her do so first in Alsace. He was unwilling, but finally consented.

"Is it true that your husband is financially embarrassed?"
"Well, he is awfully in debt, but it doesn't seem to embarrass him worth a cent.

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THE DIVINELY SINUOUS SARAH BERNHARDT, AS SEEN BY A FRENCH ARTIST.

French artists, as you can see for yourself, are singularly candid. Sarah really looks like that at times. She is the most fearfully and wonderfully made woman on the stage to-day, and at fifty-three is still fascinating in a snakey sort of way.

HIS NATURAL SKIN.

Johnny has a new pair of boots; that is why he wears his trousers turned up even higher than usual.

He was telling Miss Caustique about the boots.

"They are really real calf, don't you know."

"I was sure of it," she answered. "Why, when you were coming along, I thought you were barefooted."

INDEED IT IS.

"What brought you to this place, my good friend?" inquired a visitor at the prison, of a convict.

"A mere matter of opinion got me here, sir."

"Impossible!"

"No, sir. I expressed the opinion that I was innocent, and the jury expressed the opinion that I wasn't. It's a hard world, sir."

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WOMEN ARE SO HARD TO PLEASE.

Her Soliloquy—I don't know whether to trust him or not. He told me he was going to the front, and I found out afterwards that he has only bought a seat in the first row to see the Pinktites Burlesque Company. Men are such deceivers!

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She—Are you sure I am the first woman you ever loved?

He—I swear it.

She—Then you may go. Come and see me next summer after you have obtained some experience.

THE POINT.

"I have here," he said, "the plans and drawings of the greatest aerial war machine ever invented."

"How is it supposed to work?" asked the editor, after he had examined the design with considerable care.

"Oh, it isn't supposed to work at all," replied the inventor, with pleasing frankness, "but you can see at a glance how attractive it will look in a newspaper or a magazine."

SELF-RESPECT GONE.

Husband—My dear, these trousers are frayed at the bottom.

Wife—They are the best you've got, John, except your dress trousers.

Husband—Well, give those to me. I have an important interview to-day in which I expect to be at different times proud, haughty, indifferent, dignified, and perhaps a trifle disdainful. A man can't be all that successfully with fringe on the bottoms of his trousers.

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TO FAIR FISHERS

Ye maidens who are fishing for wealth
And for nincompoops titled and crowned,
Instead of good husbands with health
And enough common sense to go 'round,
Pray listen to me for awhile,
And I'll give ye advice by the mile.

The son of a somebody who
Made his pile by the sweat of his brow
Is no mate for a girl staunch and true,
For his race is degenerate now.
His progenitor's standing was high,
But *he* is a horse's necktie.

He'll spend all that pile on the course,
And of course you may bet, he will bet
On the slowest and most hopeless horse
Who will be, as they say, running yet.
Or else he will spend it, dear maid,
On some lady—not you, I'm afraid.

And then there's the "noble" of France
Or of England, who hasn't a cent;
If you catch him you haven't a chance
In a hundred of being content;
As a rule he is worthless, b' gosh,
And they say that not all of them wash.

The royal courts over the wave
Where the morals are seldom first-class
And where kings often vilely behave
Are no place for a good Yankee lass.
So we'll pass with a guarded "Ahem!"
The less said the better of them!

No, no, my dear fishers of men,
Take advice from this excellent pome,
You will find only happiness when
You are fishing right here and at home.
Yes, girls, on good luck you will hap,
If you catch an American chap!

INKPOT HARRY.

IT COULDN'T DO THAT.

A teacher who was instructing a class in an infant Sunday-school made her scholars finish each sentence, to show that they understood her. "The idol had eyes," she said, "but it couldn't——"

"See!" cried the children.

"It had ears, but it couldn't——"

"Hear!" was the answer.

"It had a nose, but it couldn't——"

"Wipe it!" shouted the children.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 48 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canadas, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS,
Proprietor,
37 Great Jones Street,
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SETTLED.

Daisy—When I get like you, mamma, I'm going to marry a doctor or a minister.

Mamma — Why, my dear?

Daisy — 'Cause if I marry a doctor I can get well for nothing; if I marry a minister I can be good for nothing.

TO BE TRUE TO LIFE.

The Park Commission was ordering a statue.

"I suppose," said the sculptor, "that you want the warrior mounted?"

"Yes, yes, of course," replied the spokesman. "He ought to be mounted, unquestionably; but just now you'd better confine your work to the figure of the man, and we'll tell you later whether to put it on a horse or a bicycle."

MISS ALICE NEILSON.

A Pretty American Singer, who will star next Fall in a new Comic Opera.

"'Rastus Johnsing gave a Smoker last evening. It was a huge success."

"Figuring out the Indian Problem."

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Photo by Dupont, New York.

MRS. DE LA MAR AS SHE APPEARS TO-DAY.

(Taken shortly after her marriage.)

A BEAUTIFUL NEW YORK DIVORCÉE.

Col. De La Mar had nothing but money.

Oh, yes, he had, by the way. He had a large, time-scarred but still beating heart, and when he met a pretty little New York girl, with fine cheeks and teeth and no particular prospects in life, he forgot all about cynicism and immediately fell captive to her fascinations.

She was a Miss Sands. But it wouldn't have made any difference to the Colonel if it had been Mammie Flanagan. They were married. He was happy. A child came; he was happier still. He spent his millions on her. The friends of both said "what a brilliant and happy match."

Then one morning those same friends read in the papers that the gallant Colonel had secured a divorce, claiming unfaithfulness, her champions only smiled scornfully, but a French Court granted a decree and now the Colonel has more money to spend.

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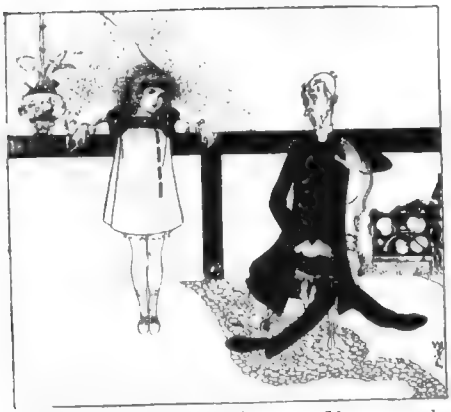

Little Etheldreda (of Boston, Mass., to the visiting curate)—And now, Mr. Alb, while we are waiting for mother, do give me your opinion on metempsychosis!

Fast Black warranted to run.

"Why didn't Jack go to the war?"

"He doesn't have to go to smell powder. You see, I always keep his picture on my dressing table."

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MY LITTLE BIT OF SKIRT.

I know
A maid—
Not slow,
Though staid—
Who is a little dove;
She's neat;
She's slick;
She's sweet;
She's quick;
And her of course I love.
Her form
I'd place
In warm
Embrace,
Though not too hard to hurt;
A cur
Might bawl,
But her
I call
My little bit of skirt.

She'll state
(The minx!)
She great-
ly thinks
I am a foolish boy,
But on
Her finger's gone
A ring,
And soon she'll be my joy.
Her bright
Blue eyes
Excite
Surprise,
They're e'er on the alert
She is
My love—
My dizzy dove—
My little bit of skirt.

PERCIVAL PASH.

"Quick, Bridget, or I'm afraid we shall be late for the next train!"

"Shure, mim, we're bound to catch it, for if we lose it, then we'll have to wait fer the nixt, and that's it."

Photo by Marceau, San Francisco.

GEORGE BROADHURST, THE NEW STAR IN THE PLAYWRIGHTS TOURNAMENT.

His "What Happened To Jones" has made the whole country laugh. This month he puts forth a comedy with the title of "Where In Blazes Is Smith," or something of the sort. Broadhurst is a Chicago lawyer who turned his hand to the construction of comedies in a manner so successful, that already he is heralded as the undoubted leader among American farce writers.

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MAIN STOCK ROOM AND MAILING DEPARTMENT.

THE OAK ROOM, Professional Headquarters (Gentlemen.)

SNAPSHOTS AT THE BIGGEST SONG PUBLISHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

These spictures give only a faint idea of the new song establishment presided over by M. Witmark & Sons. They occupy a whole building on West Twenty-Ninth Street, between Fifth Avenue and Broadway. The four-story structure has been completely refitted from top to bottom to meet the peculiar requirements of the song publishing business There are separate rooms for visitors, male and female; for composers, writers, arrangers, files and the various branches of the concern. The "Cosy Corner" and "Oak Room" are particularly attractive. The Witmark's, Musical Library, the most complete of its kind in the country, is a special feature.

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Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

YOONE DERIKE, A FRENCH MUSIC HALL SINGER.

MAY WARNER, OF THE MERRY, MERRY AMERICAN CHORUS.

A COMPARATIVE STUDY IN FRENCH AND AMERICAN ANATOMY.

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Photo by Eddowes Bros.

BELLE LIVINGSTONE, WHOSE FINE UNDERSTANDING IS NOT DUE TO A COURSE AT VASSAR.

Miss Livingstone wears tights as gracefully and naturally as a swan cuts the water of a lake.

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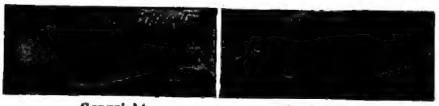

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